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ODES

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

With Relation to His MAJESTY, and the TIMES.

By JOHN GLANVILLE, of *Lincolns-Inn*, Gent.

LONDON:

Printed for *John Newton*, at the *Three Pidgeons* againſt the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetſtreet*. 1690.

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TO THE

READER.

A *Trifle ſo ſmall as are the following Odes, cannot be worth a Preface, only the Reader may be pleas'd to know, becauſe they may ſeem to come out ſomewhat of the lateſt, that they were written a good while ſince, in the Countrey, (thoſe Two which ſprung from particular Occaſions at their proper Seaſons) without any Deſign of ever Printing them. But coming lately to Town, and meeting with Mr.* Mountague's *Epiſtle to the Earl of* Dorſet, *the juſt Reproach he has there given to the Backwardneſs of the Poets, and the Generous Praiſe he has beſtow'd on a Prince who merits all that can be given Him,*

provok'd me to offer up my Incenſe in Publick, fir'd me with an honeſt Ambition of Rivalling him in Zeal, tho not in Wit; and made me unwilling to let him appear Single in a Cauſe in which the whole Army of Poets ought to have concurr'd. I ſhall leave the World to judg of the Performance; who, if they ſhould think it not altogether inconſiderable, ought to aſcribe it to a Heat I had during the Writing; which, rais'd by a Paſſion for ſo Glorious a Hero, *would perhaps not ſuffer me to compoſe any thing in His Service very Mean and Groveling.*

III.

Some ODES *of* Horace *Imitated.*

Book IV. Ode V.

Divis eſte Bonus, optime Romulæ
Cuſtos Gentes.

Inſcrib'd to His Majeſty in *Ireland.*

I.

O God-like Race, born with auſpicious Fate,
Beſt generous Guardian of our *Britiſh* ſtate,
Return; too long a hoſtile Land
Has wrong'd our happineſs, and thee detain'd;
Kind to the hopes you gave: O haſten home,
And to thy wanting Court, and waiting Senate come.

II.

Reſtore thy Nation its Divineſt Light,
The Luſtre of thy Preſence, and thy Sight;
When thy propitious Beams upon us ſmile,
'Tis Spring throughout the happy Iſle:

The gladder day flies pleaſanter away,
And the ſerener Sun ſhines with a better Ray.

III.

As when beyond ungrateful Seas
The abſent Youth th' expected time out-ſtays,
With anxious Love and tender moan,
Sighs a griev'd Mother for a darling Son;
With Prayers and Vows his coming ſhe implores,
And watches ſtill the Winds, and ſtill looks toward the Shores.

IV.

Such, Sacred Monarch, is for thee,
Our Pain, our Paſſion, and our Piety;
Such, ſo impatient our Concern,
So languiſh we, and die for thy Return.
Thy *England* thus, ſtung with like fond deſire,
Does for her *Naſſau* long, her *Cæſar* does require.

V.

And all but Juſt: Great Prince, through thee,
Our Convoy'd Fleets enjoy a peaceful Sea:
Secure our Flocks, poſſeſs their Plains;
In fertile Fields auſpicious plenty reigns;
Faith ſtrict and nice, with generous honeſt ſhame,
Flies a reproachful Guilt, and fears a conſcious blame.

VI.

No more ſhall Vice licentious reign,
No more looſe Loves chaſte Families ſhall ſtain;
The Mother now ſhall boaſt a lawful Race,
Shew all the Husband in the Infant's Face.
Thy Zeal ſhall rouze long dormant Diſcipline,
And Pain, and ſure Diſgrace ſhall cloſe attend in ſin.

This refers to His Majeſties Letter to the Biſhops.

VII.

Who dreads the *Turk*, or dreads the *Pope*,
Whilſt he has *Naſſau* to aſſure his Hope?
Who for rude *Highland* Rebels cares?
For *Gallick* Force, or for *Hibernian* Wars?
Of Armies, and of Fleets, unmov'd we hear,
From Danger thou ſecure, we are ſecure from Fear.

VIII.

Under his Vine each ſits in peace,
And ſees on his Affairs the Noon decreaſe:
Then when the Morning Duty's paſt,
Makes to a hearty Dinner chearful haſte;
Enjoys his Cheer, whilſt the juſt Meal to crown,
Sacred to thee at laſt an honeſt Glaſs goes down.

IX.

Thee we with Praiſe, Thee we with Wine
Adore; Thee honour as a thing Divine;
Our better *Genius* Thee proclaim,
And with our Guardian Angels joyn thy Name:

As

As her like *Heroes*, grateful *Greece* of old,
By God-like Acts oblig'd amongst her Gods enroll'd.

X.

Long may'st thou live, long may'st thou reign,
In Peace and Glory thy glad Realms maintain;
This every, and this all the day,
With faithful Hearts thy People duly say:
This is our Wish, and this our Care,
Our drunken Evening Health, our sober Morning Prayer.

Book III. Ode XIV.

Herculis ritu modo dictus, O Plebs.

Upon His Majesties Happy Return out of *Ireland.*

I.

SEE, *England*, see the mighty *Nassau* come,
The *Belgick Hercules*, victorious home;
From vanquish'd Foes has Bays and Triumphs brought,
With bravely venture'd Death, and glorious Dangers fought.

II.

Let Fair *Maria* to the Temple move,
And pay due thanks to the Just Powers above:
Let *Anna* joyn, nor fail a Heav'n to bless,
Which gave a Brother safety, and a King success.

III. Let

III.

Let joyful Mothers double Praiſe afford,
For Sons preſerv'd, and for a Prince reſtor'd:
Let all the Young and all the Fair aſſiſt,
Nor Wife, nor blooming Maid be in the Conſort miſt.

IV.

Let every Tongue, and every Heart,
With Univerſal gladneſs bear a part;
Let none repine, let none complain,
Nor with an ill tim'd Grief the Sacred Joy profane.

V.

To me the Day a perfect Jubilee,
From every Care my Mind ſhall free.
Nor Tumult now, nor Violence will I fear,
Whilſt *Naſſau* ſits at Helm, and does the Empire ſteer.

VI.

Where is the Eſſence, where are the Perfumes,
To ſcent my Hair, and ſcent my Rooms?
With pious Pomp, and decent Luxury,
I'll celebrate the well-obſerv'd Solemnity.

VII.

Let me have Wine, rich, generous Wine,
Worthy a Day ſo Great, and ſo Divine.
A Virgin Cask of old untaſted Juice,
By Heaven ordain'd, and kept for this peculiar uſe.

VIII.

Then to compleat, and finiſh the Delight,
Bid wanton *Celia* come and bleſs the Night:
With kind haſte bid her hither move,
To heighten Joys of Wine with Joys of Love.

IX.

If her damn'd Maid thy entrance ſtay,
If ſhe deny, if ſhe delay,
Ne'er importune, nor urge the buſineſs on,
But come away, and leave th' ill-natur'd Jilt alone.

X.

Time was when I ſhould not have tamely born,
So proud a Slight, and rude a Scorn;
When warmer Youth, with generous Fire,
For every baſe Affront did brave Revenge inſpire.

XI.

But Oh, thoſe days are done; my hoary Hairs
Shew I am paſt, am paſt the Wars:
Too frozen, and too gentle Age,
Has cool'd my Love, and calm'd my Rage.

Book III. Ode XXV.

Quò me, Bacche rapis tui
Plenum?

I,

O *Bacchus!* whither doſt thou hurry me,
Full, full of thy Divinity, and thee?
Into what Caves, into what Bowers,
Inform'd by a new Soul, and quick exalted Powers;
With ſwift Confuſion am I hurl'd,
And rapt and ſpirited about the World?
In what Divine Receſs ſhall I be heard of, Fame
Striving to Eternize Illuſtrious *Naſſau*'s Name;
Rais'd to the Sphere, in never dying Odes,
T' inſert it 'mongſt the Stars, and place it with the Gods?

II.

All ſhall be Miracle I ſing;
I'll write ſome great, ſome new, ſome unexampled thing;
Something above all pattern, more
Than Mankind ever ſaid, or ever thought before.
Such was th' Amazement, ſuch the Fire,
Which the mad *Evias* did on *Thracian* Hills inſpire,
When *Rhodope*'s ſacred Mount, and *Heber*'s conſcious Flood,
Appearing to her view, ſtirr'd the Lymphatick Mood,
Whilſt th' infus'd God did all her Powers engage,
Quite ſenſleſs with the Trance, and ſleepleſs with the Rage.

Oh

Oh, the Delight, whilſt wing'd with Extaſie,
Through unknown pathleſs Tracts, I devious fly!
How wondring, and how pleas'd, as the wild Fancy roves,
To view the Deſert Rocks, and unfrequented Groves!

III.

O *Bacchus*, thou Almighty Generous Power,
By whoſe aſſiſtance thoſe who thee adore,
Whilſt thy brave Heat does their ſtrong Spirits warm,
Things above weak dull Nature can perform:
There's nothing low ſhall iſſue, nothing mean,
Nothing mortal from my Pen;
Thou Captain, and Conducter of my Flight,
In daring Strains I'll ſoar to a yet unknown height;
Whate'er, whate'er the Danger be,
'Tis ſweet, 'tis ſweet, Great God, to follow thee.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LAtely Publiſh'd, The Ghoſt of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, appearing to *Volaart*, the Porter; Or a Dialogue concerning the Times. Tranſlated out of *French*.